Sunday. April 6-24.

Dear Dairy.

Here we are starting off once more. and surely we can keep up a little better this time. Anyway we will try awfully hard won't we?

To-day. I had a sleep in - or rather from 7-11 am. not so very long to sleep.

Miss Childs had a tea to celebrate Geboois birthday. which I had to miss. But Beatrice & I went to Cronyn - and then up to the house after. and had some awfully good eats.

Mary Helson. Marion Hart. & H. were there. Beatrice - just wore her uniform & looks awfully cute.

Mr Hamner wasn't at church. He is so desperately worried about Sid Murdee. It is wearing him up absolutely. And this is the week he is hung. So I am afraid for Mr Hamner. next Sunday. I do wish I could help him some little bit any way. But I seem so fearfully useless. somehow.
I shamed Lane written Mother a letter to-day. Must write to-morrow. Beth goes home to-morrow. Supposed to stay for a month but I don't see how she can. She has my notes. but they aren't much good.

Monday. April 7-24

Dear Daisy

I am so provoked. I had my P.M. to-day and I didn't want it - nor could I see why I should have had to take it. But there is no hope or chance of reasoning around here. Things are done - and then repented. But that doesn't always help.

Anyway I had a visitor on the W.B. this a.m. Jim H. came up. He is looking awfully well - and I do hope he doesn't feel too much with this year. But surely he won't now.

Forget thyself and all thy woes.
Put out each feverish light,
The stars are watching overhead,
Sleep sweet - Goodnight -
Good night.

- Sta. Jones & I went to
Lewis. This P.M. & the two
Browns & I went to
Allens to-night. Rather
giddy. But half days don't
come very often.

- Buckie & I had started
"cold plunges" in the a.m.
and they are most refreshing.
Spring surely must be
nearly here. The birds
sing just outside our
window every morning
and the sun is up as
soon as we are.

Tuesday April 8. 24

I am fevered & the sunset
I am fretful with the bay
For the Wanderlust is on me
And my soul is in Cathay.

There's a Schooner in the offing
With her topsails shot & free
And my heart has gone aboard her
For the Islands of Desire.

I must forth again to-morrow
With the sunset I must be
Hull down on the trail of Rapture
In the wonder of the sea.

Let there be many mundanes to
your soul.
That all the glory of the universe
May beautify it. Not the
narrow pane
Of one poor creed can catch
the radeant rays
That shine from countless
sources. Tear away
The blinds of superstition; let
the light
Pour through fair windows
broad as truth itself,
As high as God.

Ella Wheeler.

As a tired mother, when the day is o'er
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leaves her broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured & comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which tho' more splendid, may not please him more;
So Nature deals w̄ us & takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently that we go
Scare knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know

Longfellow

A gush of bird song, a patter of dew,
A cloud, and a rainbow's warning,
Steadily sunshine & perfect blue
An April day in the morning.

Life! we've been long together
Thro' pleasant & thro' cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends
are dear
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh - a tear
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose their own time;
Say not Good Night. but in
some brighter clime.
Bid me Good Morning.

Wednesday August 9-24

Home.

O, there's a wind - a-blowing,
a-blowing from the west.
And that, of all winds, is the one
I like the best.
For it blows at our backs, and
it shakes our pennons free -
And it soon will blow us Home -
to the old countree.
For to Home - dear - Home - it's
Home I want to be.
Our topsails are haisted, and
we'll away to sea.
O, the oak and the ash and the
bonnie birken tree
They're all growing green - in
the old countree.

Silently one by one, in the
infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars,
the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Longfellow.

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air
It fell to earth, I knew not where,
For who has sight so keen & strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke,
And the song from beginning to end
I found in the heart of a friend.

Thursday. April. 10. 24.

I wander workings - or some
bush - a-flame
Men look for God, and fancy
him concealed -
But in earth's common things
He stands revealed -
While grass - and flowers - and
stars - spell out His Name.

April 25. 24 Friday.
Dear Diary.
I never was so
desperately tired in all my
life & I hope never to feel
so worn out again. I am
still in charge of Ward X - and
the wonder is that I have
any senses left. Last
Monday. Mable Tolley came
on the ward - and stuck I

Monday. Feb. 9- 1925.

Dear Davy. It is almost a whole year since we were last written. But now with Graduation so near - we will just make sure of keeping you up to day. I am on Night Duty on ward A. again. But not likely for very long this time. Have named two babies satisfactorily - the dearest boy - Donald MacKenzie Niles - and the prettiest girl. Dorothy Mae Bailiff. Last night I had dinner with Miss Chess - In fact I went up for breakfast. and slept all day. Went to Church in P.M.

Am busy making my Graduation Trousseau - It really is oodles of fun. But now I must get dressed for duty.

For now - so long —

Thursday Nov 18 1920
707 Burgess Ave
Hudson Ontario

Thursday. Nov. 12-1925.

707. Queen's Ave.

London. Ontario

Dear old Diary -

You have been somewhat neglected - and so far any brave resolutions about keeping you "up" - have sadly fallen away. However - I made another resolution before I left Home this time to write you faithfully - and after reading "Lilac of Inglescide" to-day. My resolution is stronger than ever. So let's hope we are away to a good start this time - and your pages filled with bright things.

I am here in London - very much alone to-night.

I came here Tuesday after Thanksgiving & Bronnie and I have a room together at Kae Beatties'. I don't know when I have hated to leave home - like I did this last time. All day Tuesday there was a most annoying lump in my throat. I couldn't talk right - and I nearly burst out crying several times. In fact I did but always managed to keep in until I was alone. I went downtown after dinner Tuesday to buy a suitcase - and met Graydon going back to work. He didn't most probably never know how hard I had to work

To keep myself from crying when talking to him.
Mr & Mrs MacDellwig & Mrs Kelly came to London with me on their way to Devatana. At Stratford Eddie met me - and I went home with him for dinner. It was really lovely - and chased considerable of the gloom away. Arrived in London somewhat late - and Kar & Brownie where right there to met me - overflowing with good news regarding Albany. N.Y. The register here is quite dead - so we are busy getting passports to go to Albany. N.Y. I wrote Mother about going - and haven't heard from her since. It is a pretty long way to go - and I did so

much want to have
Christmas with Mother this year.
However it's up to me to
work now. I am old enough
to keep myself and this
seems like a wonderful
chance. I went to Miss
Child's last night, and am
to spend Sunday with her.
Brownie is doing night duty
on a Hysterectomy Pt. dear W. J. S.-
Miss MacPherson is day nurse.
Beatty is also on Night duty
on Ward XII - an old woman -
with acute cystitis - not so
good. I registered to-day
but don't know how I
stand. Anyway I would
like a leave for a day
or two - because the

passports take considerable time. This is an awfully long start, but it won't need to be long like this always. This is really only a prologue. It's only 8.30 P.M. but I am tired - doing nothing - and am all ready for bed. Wrote to Mother & Aunt Jessie & Happy yesterday. - Hope to get a letter soon! they are such cheering things to receive when one is a little Homesick.

I want to go down town to morrow & see about a dress - also get my letters for passport - and see everybody at the Hospital. Good night for now dear diary. We started fairly well anyway.

Sunday. November 15. 1925.

Dear Daisy -

I have had my first case - and it certainly wasn't anything to dread tho, I had been more or less imagining it might be. Freddy and I went down town for awhile - but didn't buy anything. Sent a box home to Ruth - flower for Mother & beads for Mae.

Friday afternoon. Mrs Beattie persuaded me to go to sleep on the couch - Kay & Brownie being asleep in the rooms. While I was sleeping Gordon Beattie arrived home from Guelph. He seems very nice. At least has a nice deep voice - which I do like. About 5 P.M.

I was called to go on a case at Victoria at 8. P.M. Needless to say I was somewhat excited. Brownie & I set out for the Hospital early. met Anne McNiven. and went with her. Had dinner & saw oodles of the girls there. Dressed in Buckie's room - but oh dear the "3rd floor" has changed. It was almost "homesicky" it was so different. Those days we spent there were certainly wonderful - and never to be forgotten - but it is never the same to go back. Reported on duty at 8 P.M. a Mrs Thomas MacMillan - Rm 10. W d x i d - a Radium case of Dr, Geo. McNiles - Bubbie on day.

she was the most adorable patient. and not the least bit sick. but just wanted company for the night.
Dr. Lead removed the radium at 10. P.M. - and we took it down to the safe - in state.
After that. my patient was almost ready for sleep. After lunch - (which was the same old baked potato and pork and beans - and which I simply couldn't eat -) I surely had a night of leisure. Just the same. I couldn't really rest - I was so afraid I'd fall asleep - and not waken when I was called. I went down once during the night to help Brownie, fix her patient. who is in

Low 9. She seems an awfully sweet patient too.
Came back to 707 - and went to bed. Up about 3 P.M. and just fooled around.
Reading a book of Beatties that somewhat questionable - though probably true. But I am not fussy about that sort of truth.
Saturday night went to Miss Chedo - played Bridge with Miriam & K. Gibson.
Had lovely lunch. Home about 10 P.M. but Gordon Beattie was still out so it wasn't so bad. Sunday. a.m. up and went to church.
Awfully sermon on Jesus. Sermon on Cain - Rendering unto Caesar - etc.

Saw Helen D'Aregron - and am to have lunch with her some day this week. Saw Evelyn Hayman - and heard a lot of nice things about Albany and New York.
Home to Miss Chiedo for a perfectly wonderful duck dinner. Ate until all was no more. Went to Sunday School - met Mr Warner - and got letters - He doesn't particularly approve of going to the staffs - but admits there is very little work here.
Miss Chiedo's Sunday School class had tea after S. S.
Miriam stayed. & Mr W. & Mr McBride stayed. Had oodles of fun. Mr W.

read our recipe - and
has remarkable future
planned for Miriam & I.
Mrs C. & I went to Church
then to Marg. Wilson's. Whose
Aunt had died. I didn't stay
long - came back to 707 -
but no one in - so went
to Mrs Childs for awhile -
But now I am Home in
bed - and pretty tired.
Had a letter from Happy
this a.m. sent to Hospital
and Brownie brought it
Home. It helped a whole
lot - as his letters usually
do - somehow or other.
Wrote to Virginia - &
must write to Mother
to-morrow. Hope she is
feeling well ——

Monday November. 16. 1925.

Dear Dairy —

Still no case — Only wish I could get one for a few nights or days — Just long enough to make a little money. But luck doesn't seem to be following me very closely. However — why worry —

This house was rather full of heartaches to-day. Gordon Beattie left on his return trip to W. africa. Mrs Beattie was awfully brave all morning — but you could tell by her eyes — how sick at heart she was. I think Gordon B. felt

pretty lonesome too. though
he wouldn't give in. God
I couldn't help feeling
sorry for them both for I
knew the awful ache
there is. Had a lovely letter
from Mother Dixie this am.
enclosing one from Jean-
Quentin & Jeanie M'd.
I wrote to Mother & Hap-
Was down town looking
for coats. Will go down
in am. and decide
Read an awfully good
book - "By an other Disciple
and started another by
Bruce Barton "The Man
Nobody Knows." And
now I'm off to bed - And
as Hope awfully hard
for a Cure

Tuesday. November 17. 1925.

Dear Dairy -

And still no case. Brownie & Beattie are still on theirs and likely to be for some time I suppose. But no luck coming my way.

Had a letter from Happy and Great Jesse this am. Great. I disappointed that I am not going to Detroit. but I'll go there for a visit sometime after I arrive in Albany.

No birth certificates as yet. They are holding us up horribly.

Bought a coat today. Was rather undecided about a green one in Brallman & Ingams - and a blue

one in Paris. Ready-to-Wear-
so took Miss Chieds with
his P.M. to decide. And
we both like the blue one
better. It is rather pretty-
trimmed neat seat-
I hope Mother & Minie like
it. Funny how I always
wonder what she will
think of things before I buy
them. And I usually can
tell pretty well what she
will like for me.
Phoned Miss Collard tonight
she had written to me about
Albany. rather strange.
Her letter will likely come
here tomorrow. I'm
going to see her tomorrow P.M.
Nighty, nighty —

Wednesday Nov. 18. 1925.

Dear Davy.

Received Miss Callard's letter this am. also one from Mae. and check for $10. Mae says Mother may go to G. V. on Thursday to be there for Jean's birthday on Saturday. Which reminds me that I must send a birthday card for that day too. Nothing very exciting happening this morning. After dinner went to see Miss Callard - bought a flower for my coat - and rode up on same car as Annie. Miss Callard is certainly very enthused about Albany - and I could hardly wait tonight.

till the birth certificates arrived. We received word this am. that we owed $6.00 on them - so I sent a money order and asked them to hurry. Bought our passport pictures, which are fairly good. Put my money in Imperial Bank, where I was before. Everyone was out tonight, but Mary & I. I played and Mary studied! Must go to hear Ralph Connor soon. Only wish those old certificates would hurry so we could get away. I must write Aunt Kiby soon and tell her we are going through Buffalo -

Thursday. November 19. 1925.

Dear Darry.

What do you think I have gone went and done now. Nothing more or less than Life Insurance. I took out a $2,000 - 20 year endowment policy, with the North American Life. I know so very little about Life Insurance — and this all happened rather suddenly, but the main fact is that in 20 years I will have 2000 dollars - plus what profit may accumulate - which will be fortably $2000. It will mean I'll have to save my money - but

that wont hurt me any.
Nothing doing today at all. Spent the morning fooling — wrote to Happy & Lance — Received a big letter from Happy. Sometimes I wonder if I do really play fair there. But I do think Happy knows that there can never be anything but this perfectly splendid comradeship for us. And it is a splendid Friendship — I trust ever and ever so much on his letters. They help me a very great deal — and I never want to lose them or this friendship which has lasted so long.

Friday. Nov. 20. 1925.

Dear Diary -

Slept this am until 10^30 am. Rather scandalous - but why worry. Fooled around until noon - then went to Mrs Callards for lunch. There was the dearest old lady there - "Caroline" somebody. She has helped Mrs Callard look after Annie and Gussie when they were babies. Had a lovely lunch - and a nice talk for most the afternoon. Came home for supper - Florence had brought me a hand-bag - or hat bag. She really is the dearest and most

good-natured youngster.
I am going to keep the
hot baby. We going
home tomorrow night to
wait for the certificates
there! Mr Martin came
up to see Browne about
insurance - but no luck.
He drove us all to Church to
hear Ralph Connor. I wasn't
so dreadfully fond of him -
But I was almost too tired
to enjoy him anyway.
He spoke about Matthew -
being called by Jesus - and
how wonderfully he went.
- Also went to W. J. S. for
my health certificate. Met
Manly instead - and he
asserts I am free from
all venereal or communicable
diseases - Very nice of him

Friday Nov. 27-25'
On Board. Wolverine -
Dear Daisy
It is disperately hard
to write on a train
I never tried before - but
I never thought it
would be this hard -
The above was as far
I made between Buffalo -
& St. Thomas. But it would not
go very well - so I gave up.
This is Saturday Nov. 28. 25'
and we have arrived.
But I am going to start
a whole week ago - and
catch up. I went Home
to Listowel - Saturday
night - a week ago.
Dawnie & Beattie were
to phone when the birth

certificates arrived.
Mother was out until late
Saturday night. and was
rather surprised to find me
arrived when she came
Home. Went to Church
Sunday A.M. with Mac.
Visited Aunt Mary & Uncle
Frank. and had tea, went
to Church in P.M. with
them. Aunt Mary showed
us her "trousseau" the
dearest wee dresses and
jackets. and a room
almost a complete nursery.
I do hope everything will
be O.K. Monday P.M. went
to a dance. only stayed
a few dances. went with
Rhea Moore & met Mac & the
girls there after the show.

Tuesday. we moved & I packed most of my trunk. - I bought a hat box in London - and that's all I am going to carry. Wednesday nothing unusual happened - Thursday. A.M. the girls phoned that the birth certificates had arrived and wanted I come to London that night. No saying I would. So finished my packing. Mrs Hay. Bill Moore had tea with us and went to the station. It wasn't quite as bad as good. Bye was a week ago - but it certainly was plenty bad enough. Especially when I knew I wouldn't be Home for

Christmas. However we are building on Easter - if not before. Phoned Cadie Moore at Stratford - and he came up to see me. Arrived safely in London - Dawnie. Bettie. Bessie and Marcus there. We all went right to the Hospital - and saw everybody we loved. It was fearful saying Good-Bye to all the girls there. It will be so long before we meet again. It takes such a little while before we are all scattered. Friday. A.M. we were down at the American Consul - early. Waited until 11. am until our passports were OK. Mr Taggart - the American

Consul - was very nice
and a perfect scream. He
was very anxious to
impress upon us the
fact that we must be very
careful over here. Anyway
I think he meant very well.
Then I finished my Office
business - and it is OK
until the next payment -
sometime in February.
Said good-bye to Miss Childs.
Some days she is so happy
and other days so blue.
It is fearfully hard for her
now because her Mother
& Father are pretty old, and
she can't possibly leave.
She has been an perfect
brick to stay with them
the way she has.

Then I went up to Lugie's - Mrs Nichols was alone - and we had quite a talk. She is afraid Lugie is very dissatisfied - not doing anything in particular - and wants the rest of us all go off. But Lugie doesn't think she can leave her Mother anyway I hope after Christmas she will for a couple of months - and come over here with me. We had lunch - then I got my hat box at Mrs Beattie's - said Good Bye there - we did a little shopping & back to Lugie's. Mrs. Nichols had a few in for tea so Lugie & I associated. We were

almost nervous wrecks
toasting the cheese rolls.
but they were done quite
O.K. in the end. I almost
forgot to say I saw Dr.
Kingswood this morning.
He still looks as good as
ever - gave Lad quite
a talk - But. talk to the
tea party. It was time
for me to go to the station.
So Reggie & I motored
down to the C.P.R. I
got my ticket - had my trunk
examined and sent right
through. There was quite
a crowd to see us off
and I did hate to say
Good Bye to Reggie - but
we were off in no time.

arrived in St. Thomas -
& found our pullman
reservations. We couldn't
retire until we had our
hand baggage examined at
Black Rock. So we made
ourselves comfy. That was
when I tried to write you
up to date - diary. and
made such a mess of it.
We arrived in Buffalo about
10 P.M. & Beatrice & I went
in search of a telephone
booth. I phoned to Fort Erie
but Aunt Kitty & Uncle Russell
were out - so I was talking
to Alice. She was rather
surprised to hear me from there.
As soon as we left Buffalo
we tried to sleep - but
couldn't. It was dreadful -
because I was so sleepy.

Hamner at 4^30 we dressed again & prepared to meet our fate at Albany. Arrived here 5^15 a.m. No one at the depot to meet us - and we felt very much alone. About 6^30 we found a bus to take us here - through a very kind policeman.

This Monday. evening. Nov. 30. '25

It seems almost impossible to catch up. but here's for another start. After the policeman saw us safely on board the bus. we had a most interesting drive up and down hills - always looking for the Hospital. After quite a long trip we found it. a pretty rambling red brick building - up a

a crooked hill. It was not without some fear & trepidation we walked in the front door & inquired for Miss Donald. We were sent to the School Office and there met Miss May-Light Supervisor - Then Miss Halbain - here assistant came - and took us to our rooms. Such a long way through corridors and up stairs. Finally she located my room on the 4th floor - and said the others would be upstairs. I wonder if you ever could imagine the lost feeling that swept over me - when she turned to take Brownie & Beattie away upstairs

I could have picked up my bags again and gone right Home. I had about 10 minutes of a very severe Homesick attack. Then I was O.K. I had come here to work. and work I would.
- After we had seen our rooms - we wandered down flights of stairs to the basement. Where there is a lonely dining room and cafeteria kitchen. We were somewhat strange to that. but managed to get something to eat - only when I asked for my tea - There wasn't any. Imagine breakfast without tea only strong black coffee - Not for me. I had milk!

Much to our joy we met ~~Boun~~ Hogg & Kerr & McQueen in the dining room - and was it good to see them. After breakfast they told us to Miss Donald & Hogg introduced us. She was perfectly lovely - so friendly & glad to see us. We've didn't have our trunks - we had no uniforms but we were so tired we could hardly stand anyway. So Miss Donald told us to sleep until noon - then go downtown & have them sent up. Which we were only too glad to do. We all wandered back upstairs like lost sheep. but bed felt like a perfect paradise

We slept until noon. Then down to lunch - we managed considerably better at the cafeteria - but lunch was pork & beans - & the tea - 'nuff said - no dessert - bread at least an 1" thick - and a suggestion of cake. Then we went down town - and had our trunks sent up - for which they didn't mind asking a bit of money - but why worry - that goes on our bill. From the station we wandered up & down a few streets - into Woolworth's - which looked very much like home. We waited for ages for a # 4 car to bring us home

but they don't come back the way they go - so we took a bus. Returned back in time for dinner - and said Burns then. We found the mail box - & trunk room - Carried our uniforms & a few odds & ends up to our rooms - and I was never so glad to put up a few pictures. The room looked a little more liveable in no time. We met Burns & Hagg at 7. and went to their rooms on Madison Ave - very nice rooms. They are fixed & we all went downtown - first to the bank, where we will eventually have an account - I hope. - Then wandered around the stores. Beatrice & I

purchased a wash rag
teapot & a tumbler.
Burns escorted us to
the Marybud Tea Room
on Madison Ave - sounds
quite intriguing - we
had sandwichs - but
when I asked for tea -
- nothing doing - they
didn't have any. We
giggled there for awhile,
and took the serviettes
for souvenirs. Finally
started for home rather tired.
The street cars are terrible -
and we were perfectly
dizzy - by the time we
arrived at New Scotland
Ave.

December 31. 1925. Thursday.

Dear Dairy.

This is the last day of 1925. and I firmly make a resolution. here & now to be more faithful to you in 1926. Maybe I won't write you up every night. but at least I won't let you get too far behind. - Today I am on a case - Mrs Roberts - carcinoma - went on last Tuesday. Not such a bad case - but not so good. My first case was Professor O'Brien - appendectomy - awfully nice - Was on for a week night duty. Then went on night duty on a Breast amputation case - Mrs Cachert also very nice. Both cases for Dr Edgar Vander Veer - and have already fallen quite

in love with Dr. Nelms his assistant. Christmas - came & went - not so terribly blue - but sure did wish Mother was here. To night - MacNiven - Byron - Patterson and I are going to the "Hall". & later to St Peter's - will tell you how everything went later. Wrote to Pauline - am so glad about the Baby Boy - I suggested they call him Lewis Taylor or David Lewis. Also wrote to Mother. Had a letter from Pauline & one from Reggie —

Later - went to the Hall - MacQueen joined us - we saw "Pony Express" - and Don Q. Son of Zorro. Very good - but we

forgot to look at the time and it was 12.m.n. before we knew it. We were very disappointed in missing Church Services — Had lunch in "Corner Store" Home Walked until 2.am. No much sleep.

Friday. January 1. 1926 — Hello New Year —

On duty as usual at 7.30 a.m. Nothing startling during the day. Went to Hampton Hotel for dinner 8.30 P.M. McQueen — Hogg. Kerr. Burns — MacKinnon — Byron myself. Rather funny — and not so good as we expected. Sent a telegram to Aunt Lucy after — Byron sent one Home — just for fun — Home at 11. P.M. To bed

Saturday. January 2. 1915.

Dear Diary.

Nothing unusual today — Mrs Roberts not so good — Wrote to Ruth — Had letter from Mac & stuffy.

Downtown & McQueen & Merr. bought skates — Scrap book — and sundries. Opened account in Savings Bank. deposited — 69.$ — Not so bad for a start — but will certainly have to do better. Have misplaced two check. for $15.00 each. Sure do hope they aren't lost.

Account in Mother's name too. so she can have money if anything happens — Should have put it in Mac's name really — but that will be O.K.

Broke my pen nib — Hence dark writing.

Sunday. January 3. 1915.

Dear Diary.

Usual day.
Pork & Apple Sauce for dinner
Apple Sauce & pork for Supper.
Went to St. Paul's with
Queenie & Patterson. Wonderful
boys choirs. Very pretty Church.
Service more like Home. So I
enjoyed it much more.
Wrote to Miss Childs.
settled with Miss Sanderson -
Sent my Registration Certificate
renewal fee - and sent my
New York Registration papers
to Miss Tailly.
Awfully tired so going to
bed. its 11 P.M. Can't seem
to get to bed early. No How -

Monday January 4. 1926

Dear Daisy.

Somewhat better to-day. My patient wasn't quite so rambunctious as yesterday. Tonight. Anne & Byron & I went for a walk. To the laundry & into two gift shops, where I bought a tape measure in the cutest little brass bunny - and the darliest little book mark black ribbon with a darling old fashioned head.

Came home through the park and had oranges - apples & nuts in Anne's room.

Awfully mild today - almost freezy. Had card from George Akers & someone who didn't sign their name.

Tuesday January 5. 1926.

Dear Diary.

Nothing unusual today
Mrs. Roberts much the same.
Letter from Virginia -
Tonight. washed a huge
washing. Sat in Anne's
room with Byron & a
Miss McClelland from D.G.H.
& talked. Going to bed
half decently early - just for
a change.

Read the book just sent me -
"Someone to Care" - & Miss
Chicas book - "The Master
of the Inn" - both very sweet.
Only wish I could read
a little more. Must start
studying for my State Board -
Yes - I.

Thursday. January 7. 1926.

Dear Dairy.

Last night we went to see "Hello Lola" at the Capitol - and I was too tired to write you up. Mary Wallis and McClarty arrived yesterday a.m. Awfully glad to see them. So we all went to "Hello Lola" to celebrate - McQueen - Kerr - Byron - Anne - Mary - McClarty Patterson and myself. We enjoyed it immensely. It was an awfully cute show.

To day Mary came on duty on D 2. and McClarty went to C. My patient much the same - and that's not saying too much. Tonight. went to Laundry with

McQueen & Kerr - and intended going to Mrs Kirk's to see about uniforms - but she was out - and I came back here to go to bed. Must write to Mother though. Haven't had any letters yesterday or to day, except my new Registration certificate from Toronto - and bill for 3 weeks rent - Not so good - but why worry.

I wrote to Mother & Gwendolyne Macdwellan - am off to bed now.

Sunday. January 9 - 1916
- Friday as usual day -
Went to Bros Klinks at night.
to have uniforms fixed. Have
to go back for a fitting sometime.
- Saturday night. Mary W. & I
went to Lauk. Just got there
in time. Then we went shopping
Walked all up & down North & South
Pearl. I bought a blue velour
giggly hat. and a black dress,
the dress needed some shortening
cwont be here until Wednesday.
- Got my bretts & coat & scarf
from Miss Sanderson. So I have
a rehy skating outfit.
- Tonight. Byron - McKellar
- Pingle - Darling - Carter - Anne
& I went to St Pauls. Wrote
to Happy & Ruth. Now to bed.

Monday. January. 11. 1926.

Dear Dairy.

Mrs Roberts so much better to-day. it wasn't bad at all. The son "Lester" went back to Pavilney to night, and I sure will miss him. He was just as good as any nurse and so nice to have around. McOuen & I skated tonight. The ice was rather punk but we managed fairly well. It was most awfully good being on skates again anyway. Had a letter from Miss Fairley enclosing my papers. They certainly are nothing to rave about but they might be worse.

Going to bed —

Friday. January 15. 1926.

Dear Dairy.

I surely am tired out - such a perfectly hectic week. Tuesday was a usual day. No particular change in Mrs Roberts. Skated at night. — Lost my knee. Wednesday Mrs Roberts in a sort of stupor. About noon Eleanor Roberts came up to say her brotherinlaw had died in Poultney & she was going up. Well it was rather a shock - a fearfully sad thing. Thursday morning Mrs Roberts much weaker. "Lester" came back. & he and Mama were there all P.M. It was most horribly sad. Mrs Roberts said Good Bye to everyone. we were kissed her Good Bye

and it was no easy matter
Maud was a trick, and I felt
very - very sorry for Lester.
- Mrs Roberts was quiet living at
7 P.M. and I really didn't
expect to go on duty this a.m.
However - I went. She was
completely comatosed.
involuntary & incontinent -
and a fearful "death rattle"
All day yesterday that, Maud & Lester
there until 3 P.M. Then Amy
came & the sister from
Mechanicsville. About 6 o'clock
a Minister's wife came to offer
prayer. It was almost too
much for me, I could have
wept buckets. I do hope I
won't have to go in the morning. It is
so terrible for her to life so long like
this - I am going to miss her & and
the family tremendously. I really am tired.

Saturday January 16. 1926

Dear Diary

At 6½ a.m. Miss Haner came up to tell me Mrs Roberts had died last night or rather this morning at 3½ a.m.

I went down to breakfast - then reported to Miss Donald and asked for today & tomorrow off. Then Brownie & McDuff & I went down town - bought black satin slippers - 2 pair stockings - teddy - corsolette bloomers - and had some pictures framed. Had lunch at Copper Tea room - awfully good. Then went through Indian Exhibit and Museum in State Education building. They were perfectly gorgeous. I have

souvenirs for my Scrap Book.
Brownie came Home to bed then
and McQueen & I went through
Historical & Art Museum. It was
very beautiful - wonderful rugs,
China & art. Came Home
most awfully tired. A letter from
Happy. Al Bennett is in
Western U. Reserve with Elva Just.
went to dinner, then wrote
letters to Mother - Happy. Branny
Elva. Had cinder & cake in
Mr Lillans room & went to
bed - somewhat tired.

Sunday. January 17-26

Dear Diary.

Had a wonderful chance to sleep this morning - but really didn't ~~as~~ sleep very much of it. Anne came in about 6 30 a.m., and had been sick all night. Couldn't go on duty. Later I got up & bathed - fooled around until luncheon - Byron & I went down. Then came up to waken Pat. The three of us took some pictures. Byron & Pat went to Schenectady. McQueen & I went to St. Peters - a lovely service. Perfectly gorgeous choir & wonderful organ & violin recital. Kerr & McQueen & I ate at Park St. Then I came home to bed. Had a fire in McKellen room. Wrote to Mr. Martyn. Miriam K. Helen D. A. Uncle Harry - & Miss Roberts.

Tuesday. January 26. 1926.
Dear Diary.
Went on duty on B"
Monday. January 18. 26. Hard day.
Went on duty at night on A"
Mr. Wisenburn pneumonia
case. desperately sick. Slept.
Tuesday. Wednesday
Brownie & I shopped. Sent
flowers for Mothers birthday
went to Hotel Kenmore for
dinner. Saw "Puppy Love"
at Capitol. Very good. Tuesday
night. my patient had his
crisis. seemed better.
Wednesday he was in ~~coma~~
when I went on duty. Died
at 9^30 P.M. My second
patient to die. Believe me I
was most desperately blue.

I took Thursday off. Pat
Anne & I went downtown,
To Capitol building & around.
Didn't see so very much.
Home for the night with
Bronie. She isn't very well-
Going Home the end of this
week. Needs a good rest.
Friday A.M. Anne & I went
to D.T. - such a ward. We
had a scream of a time.
Anne left for a case about
11 a.m. I stayed the day.
Fell in love with the cutest
young Italian. Joseph
Ramano. Absolutely adorable.
Went out to I.B camp in
the afternoon. Sometime
I am going out to see
him. Saturday A.M. I

went on A. for a Mr
Pasquale Scaly. an Italian
who speaks practically no
English. A tall operation. thyroid
cyst removed. Dr. Edgar Barber
Mr's case. awfully funny
hard to make understand.
But we manage somehow.
Monday night. Anne —
Watson & I went to Seogion
not very interesting. But
something to see. Am
tired tonight. Must write
Home. Had a letter from
Mae & Jean. Poor Jean
must be awfully lonesome
so far from everybody.
It certainly is no joke.
Must get to bed now.

Sunday. January 31-1926.

Dear Diary. —

Wednesday night. Anne & I went to "Rivals" - awfully good. but we were really too tired to enjoy it.

Thursday night I took my first swimming lesson - I didn't make such wonderful headway either - but here's hoping that after 18 lessons - I'll be able to do something.

Friday Mary & Mr Lacey left for Home. I couldn't help wishing it were Easter so I could go too. But Easter isn't so far away now.

Friday night. Anne & I helped pack Byron's trunk. Then went down to the dance.

I had a much better time than usual. Had six dances with men - and can't remember names. One with Dr Hogeman - and one with a Houseman from Schenectady who came with Crimmons.
Saturday I came off my case - and didn't do anything exciting. went down for my laundry & brought some ice cream back. Had a party in Byron's room.
To day I have mostly slept - will finish to-day's later. I only wish I could keep in writing one half the screamingly funny things my Italian - has said & done. However they are best remembered - where they can't be seen. I don't think I'll ever forget.

Later Sunday —

Went to St. Peters at 4 P.M. Enjoyed the service — and the organ & Violin recital following. Came back and prepared for dinner at the Kenmore — Lyon — Anne Pingle — Darby — McLellan & myself. Had a taxi call, and the drive must have been 3 sheets in the wind, instead of taking us to the Kenmore — he landed us at the Hampton — We had a wonderful dinner — The taxi driver was to call for us at 9^10. at 9^30 he was still absent — so we called another man. The best part was that the first taxi driver hadn't been paid. Now I don't know whether he knows where to call

for his pay or not. But why worry? It was sort of blue seeing Bryonie off. It was much better for her to go of course - but its a darned shame too. I went to bed soon after we came Home. Dear only knows what the morrow may bring.

Monday. January 20
February 1, 1926.

Dear Darly,

This morning I was sent to a Mrs Stevenson on B". Case of Dr. Beilby's for thyroidectomy in a.m. - Beline me I was rather shaky. I didn't know Dr. Beilby very well. and

wasn't any too keen to
be on his case. However
the patient was very nice.
We went down to the O.R.
and she really was a brick.
I waited until she was
under, then went back
to move her clothes etc. to
D" Recovery Room.
The patient came back O.K.
and Dr Bilby has been
O.K. so why worry.
- Met Dr Kelmo this morning
and he talked about the
old Italian. also regretted
there were no operative cases
of their own for me. To say
I was thrilled is speaking
too mildly. Had two letters
from Home. Quite lucky.

they had been having a terrible snow storm - and we certainly had one here to-day. Ralph came on my case tonight. and I must get to bed now.
Wrote to Mother Rick & Aunt Betty.

Monday. February 8. 1926
Stayed with Mrs Stevenson until Thursday. She was O.K. somewhat a crank - but not too much so. Friday morning I went on Jaggard's case! a Mr. Chichester - cardiac case on a "II". Jag & Morley were going to New York for the weekend. It was quite an interesting case! Had a very exciting afternoon

on Sunday. The family
all arriving from
Middlebury - and not being
on particularly good terms.
However Dr. Hagerman & I
managed to cool things
down a little. This a.m.
I went on for Mrs Mennie
on a "" and some case.
In the O.R. from 8 30 am to
1 P.m. - not so good just now
either. Samaxander came
on tonight. She certainly
has my sympathy.
Had my swimming lesson
Thursday. a perfectly
fearful snow storm all day
all sorts of trouble clearing
it away. Street cars & buses
held up. and machines

parted every where. Friday Carter, Carroll & I went to the Hall to see "The Vanishing American". Very good. Wednesday Harney & I went to the Guard, Bronie sick most of the week. Had an abscess & mighty severe pains. Visited by Dr Dampson. This was in the O.R. Dr. Dampson most unexpectedly inquired as to my name. He was quite satisfied with Mr Mclyre. Saturday went to bazar & had my hair cut. Sunday went to Trinity Methodist Church. Tonight I must wash some letters.

Monday. February. 15. 26.

Dear Dairy,

Tuesday night. we went to see Pat Rooney in "a Daughter of Rosie O'Grady". It was awfully good. Wednesday I started to the laundry. but was persuaded at Harney's & Carter's to go to the Leland - saw "Sally - Irene & Mary.

Thursday - Jag, Morley. Webber & I went skating. It was the wildest night imaginable. We were the only four on the rink. But we had a good time. Friday went to Bed early for a change. Saturday went to bank. Then to the Strand - & saw "That Royle Girl".

Sunday it snowed almost

all day - everything was perfectly beautiful by night. So Brownie & I went for a walk. To-day nothing unusual happening. My patient pretty good - but she has a "bed sore" can you imagine anything more terrible.

Met Dr. Nelms the other day & had a smile that made one walk on air all the rest of the day. Dr Sampson & Dr Sutton are awfully nice - Dr Sampson has a wonderful tenie remembering my name. - Wrote to T.G. Anderson tonight. must write some more now. - Also wrote Aunt Jessie - Una - Miss Roberts - thanking her for stockings she sent me.

Friday. February 19. 1926.

Dear Dairy –

Tuesday was the Interne's Dance. Pat phoned. Mr Hill & he came with a Mr Black for me. I wore Anne's white dress. It was so dark you couldn't tell what anyone looked like anyway. Had an awfully good time. Like Pat fosh. Mr Hill & Mr Black very much. May go out again sometime. Hope so.

Wednesday – To bed early.

Thursday my swimming lesson. Learned a little more about the breast stroke & side stroke. Only wish I could manage them.

– Friday not much doing. Brownies & I went down to

Drug Store to get some snaps we had taken Wednesday. They are fairly good. I am tired. No word from Home or Happy. Tonight a card from Mother saying Uncle Frank's baby girl had died. Mother cried and I had a good cry too, It does seem a shame when everything was all so ready & welcome - and Mary did want a girl.

Thursday February 25. 16
- Saturday am. Anne left for New York. I do hope she likes it there and is more contented. It's the only way to

be happy. that's a cinch.
Saturday night. Brownie & I
went down to the Bank. and
then just fooled around.
Sunday nothing unusual-
wasted a lot of time Sunday
P.M. wrote some letters.
Didn't go to Church it was
such a punk night. Monday
night Brownie & I went down
& bought some cheese & crackers.
Miss Wood came into our room
and we talked. and ate. Miss Wood
is Supervisor on 9" and she
certainly has been perfectly
lovely to me. She reminds me
ever so much of someone I know
but I just can't think who.
Tuesday. I washed my hair -
Wednesday went to Mrs
Clinks - taking my aprons

made shorter - and a white
dress made — Last night -
Miss Eleanor Roberts came up
to see me. My room was in
a perfectly dreadful mess. But
I was awfully glad to see her.
Sometime I am going to her
apartments for dinner, & see
her oftener. To-day I learned
how to play Poker. Blood, Carter
& I played with Carter's patient
Mrs Barbour. My patient is
sitting up now, and doing
wonderfully well. I really
don't expect to be on much
longer. Every morning Webber & I
have our nourishment -
orange ade & graham crackers
with jam. Every afternoon
when my patient's brother comes
I go into Blood's room, and
make myself very comfortable

with a book and the radio.
To-day we did some rather
rash betting. Toronto Varsity
is playing Dartmouth in
Madison Square - and if they
win I win my bet - otherwise
Carter & I are sort of out of
luck. Carter bet with Blood
50¢ for Toronto - and bet a
dinner at the Boulevarde -
Aris bet for Toronto wins -
Tonight we took our swimming
lessons - & I could do the
breast stroke perfectly OK.
That is so much accomplished
anyway. Met Di Nelmo in
the street car coming home
needless to say Irvan quite
thrilled. Haven't heard from
Happy for ages. Don't know
what's wrong.

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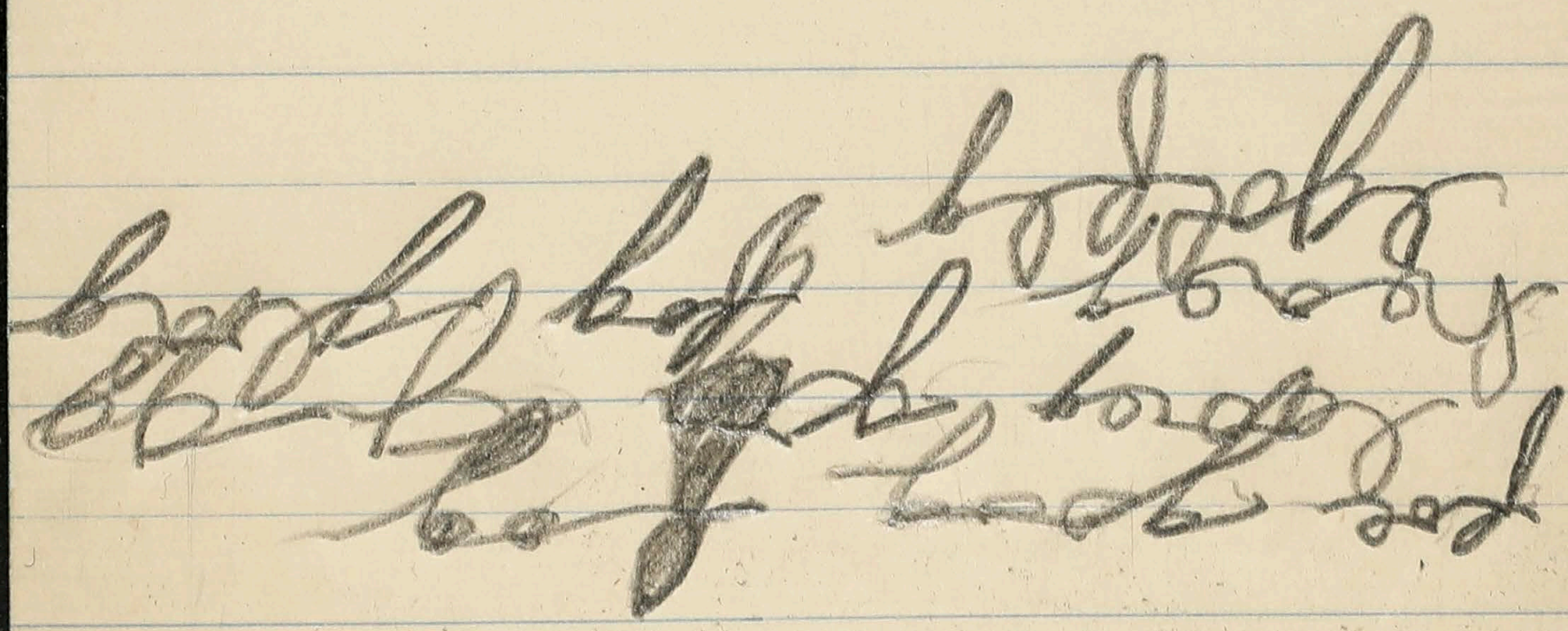

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